

Eddie Kaspbrak Was Not Gay

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No homo bro.

Eddie Kaspbrak Was Not Gay

Author's Note:

or: the one where i use italics too much.

i like to imagine this is set in that mystical magical alternate universe where pennywise (or quarterwise the galloping clown as my younger brother likes to call it) isn't real, but honestly, the fic could be set in the canon universe, as well. you decide!

(10/3/17 edit: fixed some formatting issues! i really didn't double check this as much as i should have before posting lmao)

Eddie Kaspbrak was not gay.

Okay, yes, fine, he was fourteen and he had yet to have his first crush. And maybe he wasn't all that interested in finding and developing one. And maybe he didn't find girls all that hot; he only pretended like he did- a force of habit after being surrounded by teenage guys for so long. But that didn't *mean* anything. And it surely didn't mean he was *gay*.

Bev had said once that being gay wasn't a bad thing. Hell, she had even admitted to wanting to be with a girl at some point in her life. And while Eddie agreed with her on the whole "being gay isn't bad or the end of the world or whatever" thing, that didn't mean *he* was gay.

"So you're telling me," Beverly had said one afternoon, twirling her cigarette around her fingers. The cherry of it was almost as red as her hair. "That you're fourteen- *almost fifteen*, you've never had a crush on a girl, and you don't think you're at least a *little* gay?" She put the cigarette back between her lips, steadily inhaling and exhaling smoke.

"I've never had a crush on anyone!" Eddie exclaimed, causing a few rocks to tumble down the cliff at the Quarry, where the two were

hanging out. The other members of the infamous Losers Club were supposed to be showing up, but no one else besides Beverly and Eddie had made an appearance yet. "That's like, all the more proof that I'm not gay. If I was, I'd have a crush on a boy by now, at least." He began scratching at his arm a bit- an old habit from when he's broken his arm a year ago that he had never quite gotten rid of. Bev shrugged, ashing her cigarette off the side of the cliff's ledge.

"I guess." She said quietly. "But..." She hesitated, trying to piece together her words, "It's not like the end of the world if you are. You like dick? Big deal." Eddie had heard the monologue, especially from Bev, a thousand times, so he groaned and fell back on the hard, dirt ground.

"Well, I *don't*, so it doesn't matter." He mumbled, putting the arm he had broken, over his face.

Eddie Kaspbrak was *not* gay. In the slightest. No matter what Richie said.

Eddie knew he was just kidding, just good-naturedly messing around with him when Richie would make remarks like "Your boyfriend not joining us tonight, Eddie Spaghetti?" or "Damn, Eds, I don't think I've ever seen a dude stare at another dude's ass that hard before" (sure, that remark was kinda deserved- Eddie had spent a good few minutes zoning out during class one day, and had accidentally stared at the guy sitting in front of him's ass the entire time) (Richie was the only one to notice. Eddie wasn't sure if that was a good thing or not).

But every time Richie said something like that, it made him more and more frustrated.

Eddie didn't know why; that was just how Richie was. Of course Trashmouth Tozier would slip in a few gay jokes amongst the usual taunts about any of the Losers Club's mothers and the crude, swear-based humor. But the gay jokes always annoyed Eddie the most. He figured it was because everyone had always assumed he was gay, and having Richie constantly point out the fact that Eddie didn't seem completely heterosexual on the surface got to be annoying.

But Eddie knew that wasn't the real reason. It was just one he told himself to make him feel better, or something.

Really, though, Eddie hated it because, to him, it meant that Richie wasn't really all that cool with gay people. He'd never said anything like Bev had- he'd never gone on ten minute long tangents about how gay people were people too, and how sorely treated they were by society. And if Richie was just going to make jabs at Eddie's not-sexuality, well, then that just pretty much confirmed it for him. Eddie was so fucked.

Okay, Eddie Kaspbrak was a *little* gay. Just a bit. He was like, half-gay. Was that even a thing? Eddie didn't know, nor did he care. He just knew that he wasn't completely, one hundred percent gay.

It had all started one night at Bill's house.

Eddie had wanted to get away from his mom's overbearing nature, just for one night, and Bill, being the mother hen of the group, had been the first to invite him over. Bev had ended up being there too; how Bill convinced his parents to let a *girl* sleep over their house, Eddie didn't know. But, again, nor did he care very much.

Star Wars had always been a favorite of everyone in the Losers Club; no Losers Club sleepover was complete without a viewing of at least one of the films. Which is where three of the members found themselves that night- watching Episode 5 intently, barely even talking to each other aside from the occasional comment.

And, oh, okay, had Eddie really never noticed how hot Luke Skywalker was?

The thought wasn't shocking or world-shattering; it was nothing more than a quiet realization in the back of Eddie's head. *Oh, so this is how things are now.*

"I think I might be a little gay." He blurted out as the thought gained more and more momentum in his head, causing Bev and Bill to turn to look at him, both having an eyebrow quirked.

“Uh, wh-what?”

“Knew it.” They both said at the same time. Eddie sighed and reached for the tv remote, pausing the movie.

“Well, okay,” He started, pointedly not looking at either of his friends, “Like, you have to admit, Luke Skywalker is hot, right? I can’t be the only one here who thinks that.”

Bev hummed, “I can vouch for that.”

But Bill, Bill just shrugged.

“I dun-dunno, Eddie. He’s not tha-that hot to me. ‘Ca-Ca-Cause I’m not gay.”

Eddie then looked over to him, an exasperated look on his face. “But that doesn’t mean I’m *totally* gay! I find one dude kinda hot, mostly just because he’s badass, but that doesn’t mean anything!”

Both Bill and Beverly chuckled, and Bill reached over Eddie to put the movie back on.

“O-Okay, Ed, you-you’re a l-l-little gay, then.”

So maybe Eddie Kaspbrak was gay.

As the days since that first epiphany went on, Eddie began noticing that other dudes, aside from Luke Skywalker, were kinda attractive too. And surprisingly, he was okay with that. He was okay with finding himself lovingly admiring guys he’d pass by on the street, he was alright with spotting cute guys on the tv and developing tiny five-minute crushes on them. Maybe all those homo-positive speeches Bev gave payed off after all.

The one teensy, tiny problem Eddie had with being gay, though, was Richie Tozier.

Richie was a double edged-sword, really; he *was* Eddie’s best friend, even if the two constantly made jabs and flung insults at each other.

But they were just that. Friends.

Until Eddie's stupid brain decided to fuck that up for him, too.

Eddie didn't even *know* it was possible to feel such intense emotions about a single person.

It started out small; Eddie suddenly noticing the life and the amazing way light reflected in Richie's bright, brown eyes, especially when it was just him and Eddie (Eddie didn't really know what that meant, he just knew he really liked the way it looked on the taller boy). But after that, things just kind of... snowballed. Eddie soon found himself laying in bed in the early hours of the morning, a hand down his pants, thinking of the way his skin seemed to buzz with energy when Richie had put an arm around him earlier that day.

It wasn't even like his crush towards Richie was purely physical. No, of course not, because Eddie never got that lucky. Whenever Richie called him "Eds" or "Eddie Spaghetti", he no longer reacted with a harsh "shut the fuck up, Trashmouth" and a punch on Richie's stupid Hawaiian shirt-clad shoulder. Instead, he now struggled to hide a blush and barely muttered a "don't call me that". Richie always knew how to make Eddie smile, and fuck, Eddie didn't know where he'd be without him.

It was making his head hurt, because there still was a huge problem with that.

Never mind the fact that it was a very safe bet to say Richie wasn't gay. Or half-gay, like Eddie was still considering as a possibility for himself. Richie was most likely straight as a ruler. But, honestly, that was the least of Eddie's problems. If Richie found out that Eddie was gay, that Eddie had a *crush* on him, well, that would be the end of that friendship. Eddie was absolutely positive of it.

God, did everything have to be so complicated?

"Eddie, what the fuck."

Oh, right. Bev was here.

"Shit, I said that out loud, didn't I?" Eddie sighed (he seemed to be

doing that a lot lately, especially around Bev), letting a small groan escape him towards the end.

“Uh,” She said, “Yeah. ‘Ya did.”

“Fuck.”

The silence that anchored itself into the air in those few moments was almost so heavy it was tangible. It was fucking *painfully embarrassing*, admitting he liked Richie. But admitting it accidentally? Well, Eddie might as well have been smitten by god or whatever other all powerful celestial being was out there.

He supposed admitting it to Bev of all people was like, the best possible outcome, but it wasn't good enough for it actually to be an okay thing to admit. He liked Richie Tozier, *christ*.

“So Richie huh? Would have figured you two would rather stay as far as possible away from each other romantically, but damn.” She took a sip from her coffee. Eddie never really liked coffee, but god he wanted some now. Maybe it would solve literally all of his problems.

“We'll I mean, it's not like I- wait, ‘*you two*’? Fuck does that mean?!” Maybe Bev just wasn't thinking when she spoke. Maybe the wording was a mere slip up.

But Bev nodded. “You really can't see it? Richie's fucking smitten with you, Ed. He has been since like, forever. As long as I've known him, at least.”

“No, I did *not* fucking know that *Beverly*! What the fuck do you mean he *likes me*?”

“It's so obvious,” She shrugged, “Have you seen how he acts around you? Constantly touching you, giving you stupid nicknames, always trying to make you smile. It's so, so painfully obvious.”

Eddie considered it, but based on everything Bev said, and how it actually played out in real life, it just seemed like Richie *hated* him, if anything. “Bev, he like, bullies me, almost. Constantly.”

“Didn't your mom ever tell you that when a boy is mean to you it

means he likes you?” She laughed heartily, teasing. It made Eddie blush stupidly. “But seriously,” She began, “All that shit he does to you is actually painfully driven by love. It’s not even *mean* shit, you two are just so blind that neither of you realize it.”

Now that Eddie considered it, it kind of made sense. Richie did act super handsy, and while one might brush it off as him just being so with any of his friends, nine times out of ten it was almost exclusively with Eddie.

“Sure, okay,” He sighed, “Suppose Richie *did* like me. What am I supposed to do about that? I can’t just *tell* him.”

“Well,” Bev shrugged, “Why not?”

And suddenly, Eddie realized he needed to tell Richie so badly, he thought he might implode if he didn’t.

Eddie Kaspbrak was gay.

And one night, he told this to Richie Tozier.

He didn’t just tell Richie that, though. Other things he said included: “I like you, Richie.” and “No, I mean, *like* like. Don’t make me repeat it, Trashmouth.”

At first, Richie hadn’t reacted- he’d stared blankly at Eddie, causing the smaller boy to regret literally every decision he had ever made up to that point. And then Richie laughed, that snorting, honking laugh that made Eddie’s insides go mushy. But right then, it just made his stomach churn with nausea and nerves.

“Oh man,” Richie sighed, “Good one, Eds.”

And, yes, there it was, the thing Eddie was dreading most; Richie treating his feelings like a punchline. Like he did with everything else.

“Just, just forget it. Forget I said anything.” Eddie’s tone was cold and serious- not at all joking. This caused Richie to actually look at Eddie,

the smile slowly slipping from his lips. Eddie still wanted to kiss him.

"You- You're serious, aren't you?" Richie asked, quietly.

"Yeah, actually, I am."

"Oh man." Richie sighed, running a hand through his hair. Eddie idly wondered how soft it was, even though that certainly wasn't the time. "Oh fuck."

"Look, you can just like, forget this whole conversation. Promise me this won't ruin our friendship?" Eddie begged, trying not to sound desperate. He was probably coming off as desperate.

Richie's eyes went wide. "No! No, it's not like that, Eds. It's- I- Oh, fuck it all-" He stuttered out.

And then his lips were on Eddie's.

Neither one of them had yet to have their first kiss before that- that much was obvious. It was sloppy, messy, and honestly, kind of awkward.

But god, Eddie would not have traded that moment for the world.

He found himself bringing his hands up, tangling them in Richie's dark hair- it was *really* soft, while the latter planted his hands on Eddie's bony waist.

There were no fireworks like those people in the cheesy rom-coms his mom watched said, no real spark or sudden burst of emotion from inside him. But things felt warm while he was kissing Richie. Safe, comfortable, homey, even. It felt good. Eddie liked the feeling more than he thought he would.

Soon, though the need for air caused the two boys to separate, red faced and all smiles, the both of them.

If you told Eddie a year ago, hell, a *month* ago, even, that he would be kissing another boy, and that other boy was *Richie*, he wouldn't believe you in the slightest. He wasn't gay, and he didn't ever think he would like Richie in that way, even if he was.

Yet, there he was. And he was happier than ever.

He didn't even react when Richie called him Eds.

Eddie Kaspbrak was *really* gay. Like, terribly so. Especially for Richie Tozier.

The two had been dating for two months, now, and Eddie couldn't have been happier about that. He loved Richie, he really did, even if he still was a totally snarky Trashmouth. He loved everything about Richie; from his snide jokes to his fishbowl glasses to the way he would aimlessly and thoughtlessly always be touching Eddie in some way when they were together. Things were amazing. *Richie* was amazing.

And the best part? Richie loved him too. He reminded Eddie every chance he got.

Maybe being gay wasn't so bad after all.

Author's Note:

as always, thank you for reading! if you see any errors, let me know in the comments. feel free to leave kudos and a comment as well if you'd like! au revoir!